KNAVE

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VOLUME 20 NUMBER 6

SEVEN SUPER GIRLS!

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KNAVE'S GREAT AMATEUR MODEL COMPETITION

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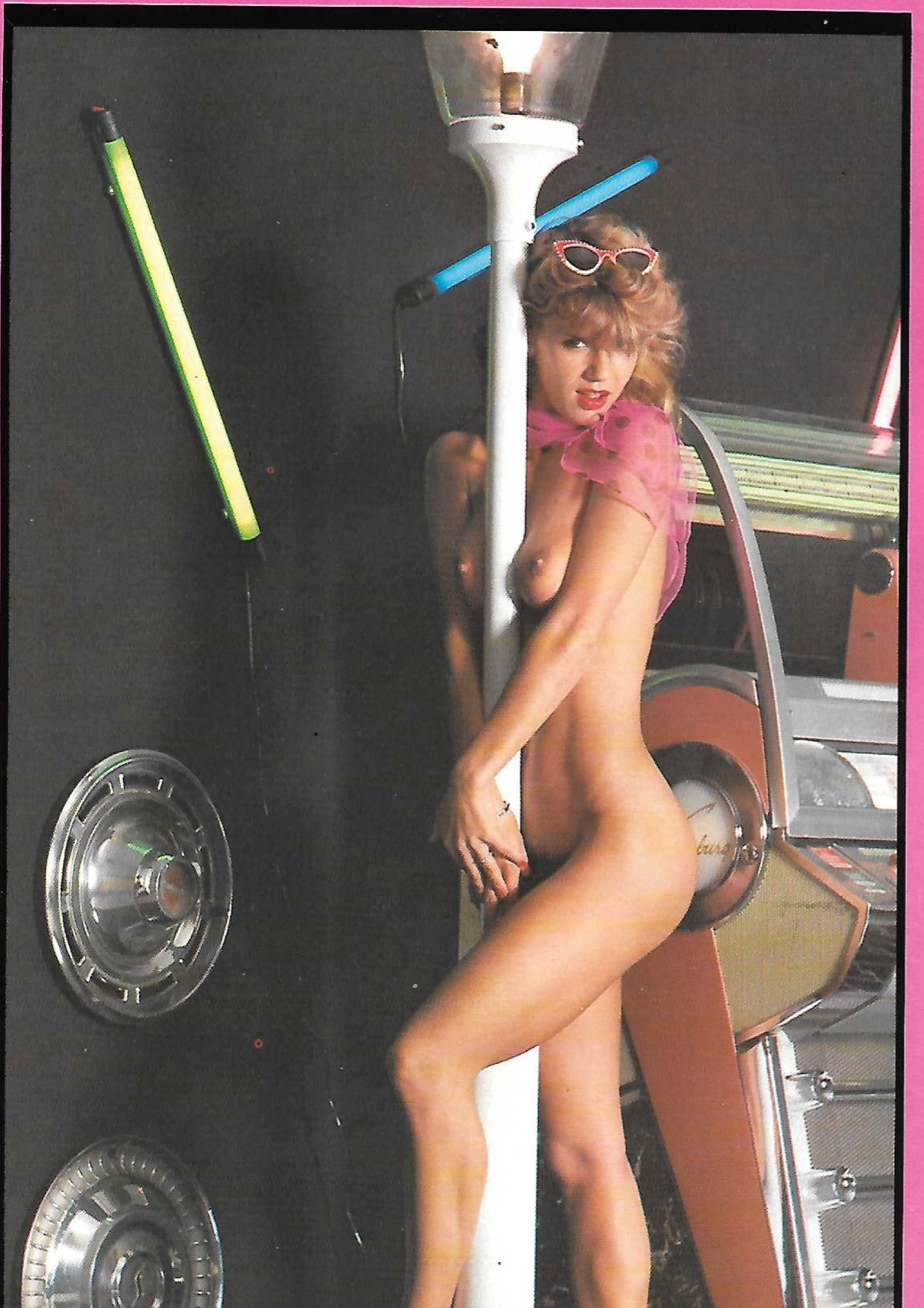
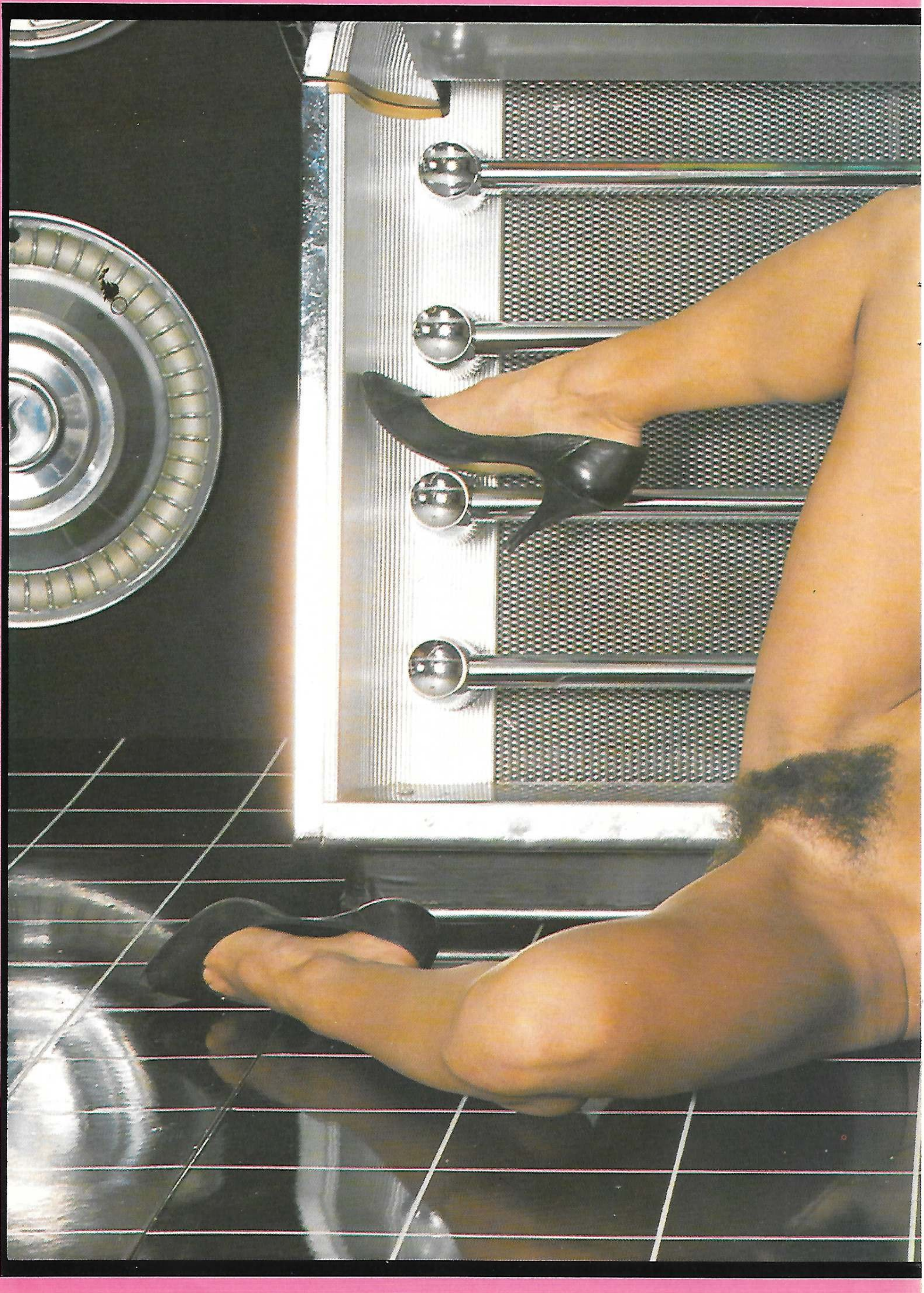
FAY

Fay had this hankering to get involved in something with a *Grease* feel to it. Unfortunately, the Fiesta editor was busy that day and so we had to dash off and find this juke-box. Surround it with half-a-dozen stolen hub-caps and a white lamp-post (?) and, before you can say "be-bop-a-lula", Fay's wish was granted. Grease is the word!

ABCDEFGHJK
High Fidelity



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ULF STJERNBO



TEST DRIVE

And you thought the best thing to come out of Blackpool was rock and Kiss-Me-Quick hats. LAURIE CADDELL proves just how wrong you can be as he heads north (well, north-west actually) to wrap his botty-bits around the driving seat of the TVR 390 SE. Ey, Mother, it's yon bloody poncy Southerners in t'flashy motors again!

I used to go to Blackpool for my holidays with my mum and dad; every September, it was up the M6 to Preston and along the Preston Road to the 'Playground of the North'. It was always overcoat weather — we always got drenched as we walked along the shore when the freezing Irish Sea crashed over the breakwaters. We always walked at an angle into the biting gale-forced winds and I wanted to live there for ever. The amusement arcades, the shows, the lights and the sea transfixed the little Londoner who even thought about one day living there, even if he *did* get a job in London. Commuting would have been a problem, as it took six hours by 1958 Standard Pennant to cover the 230 miles from Camden Town to Blackpool prom.

As I grew older, I ventured to ever sunnier climes for the annual break (girls in swimming costumes becoming more worthy of attention than smiling at raincoat-clad OAPs in the playground of their youth) and I dreamed of living in Lausanne, if only because of 'have to' as a tax exile. Blackpool was a place of the past for me. Then one day, I had just completed a round trip to the Lancashire resort to visit a car factory and I had travelled up in one of their cars. "How long did it take?" enquired Dad, wondering how close I had come to his 6-hour record. "Just over three hours." replied the son. And that was ten years ago. And TVRs are even *quicker* than that now.

Blackpool is justifiably proud of its own car manufacturer, and so it should as the company has grown and grown since its inception in 1954, and its cars have grown and grown in stature and performance, although, even back in 1967, they built the fastest British sports car. That was the famous Cobra-engined Tuscan — and anyone who thought that the title belonged to either Jaguar or Aston-Martin, go to the back of the class.

TVR (the name comes from the founder, TreVoR Wilkinson) started as manufacturers of small sports coupes based around MG or Ford engines, and these cars were readily identified by their large wraparound rear windows, which separated them from the plethora of other similar cars. Indeed, that identification trademark lasted from 1958 until 1979 when the company, which had seen several changes of ownership, brought out the Tasmin, an attractive sports car as angular as its predecessors were sensually curvaceous. Initially available with Ford 2-litre or 2.8-litre V6 power plants, the Tasmin fared reasonably well, but the car took

TVR
TVR 100
390 SE

TEST DRIVE

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off (literally?) when the classic Rover V8 engine was installed and the Tasmin name was dropped.

The TVR 390 SE is one model up from the base 350i which uses the standard Rover Vitesse-specification power plant. The 350's name derives from the fact that it has a 3.5 litre engine, so it follows that the 390 has a 3.9-litre motor — yes? Although TVR will soon be taking engine construction on in their factory, at the moment the motors are supplied from Rover V8 specialists NCK of coventry. They take the all-alloy engine and overbore it (for the non-technically minded, they make the cylinders larger). This takes the capacity from 3528cc to 3905cc, an increase of a little over 10%. They then throw go-faster goodies at the engine like high-compression Cosworth pistons, a high-lift camshaft, a free-flow exhaust manifold and blueprint, and rebuild the whole lot until the original 190bhp has flexed its muscles up to 275bhp, and its torque has increased from 220lb ft to an iron-pumping 270lb ft.

Power is taken through the Rover SD1 five-speed gearbox and on its way to the rear wheels. To an engineer, the big TVR is as attractive without its brutal-looking glassfibre body as it is with, for it features the sturdiest of chassis. It consists of a solid backbone structure to which are added substantial outriggers, and the whole lot is finished with an epoxy resin coating to make the whole car particularly corrosion resistant. Suspension is independent all round, and the car sits on split-rim aluminium 15in wheels shod with the latest Bridgestone RE71 225/50 low-profile tyres.

The Tasmin looked rather pointed and lean, but the 390 SE has evolved from that shape into something altogether more aggressive. The sharp Tasmin nose has been fattened by the addition of a deep and wide spoiler, and the rear end has been curved out with a small wing situated under the rear valence, which is novel, and, dare we say, unique.

TVR 100
TVR
390 SE

The quality of finish of the 390 SE is excellent and testimony to TVR's work in this medium for over 30 years. Inside the car, too, finish is good and just what you would expect of a 'traditional British sportster' with plenty of burr walnut veneer. Quite why British sports cars, which tend to get quite wet inside when caught in a mid-summer downpour, are thus equipped, is a traditional British mystery. Standard trim is Ambla and cloth, but Connolly hide is an option which makes the car at least smell as good as it looks, even if polished cow skin isn't the best material in the world for gripping a driver's bottom when cornering g-force tries to pull it every which way.

A word or hundred of praise is needed about the TVR's sports-car hoods. Remember trying to pull several square yards of hood over an area several square inches less? Remember trying to grasp the plastic-covered top with the tips of your fingers and trying to exert the necessary two tons of force to get the press studs in line? Do you remember cursing? Of course you do! The TVR hood is very simple in that it consists of a fold-up rear section (similar to the canopy on those old-style prams) and this clamps a glassfibre targa-type panel into the top of the windscreen surround. There are no press studs to press, clips to clip nor fasteners to fasten, and to make sure

that the panel fits absolutely perfectly, each one is tailored to each individual car. To make sure it is water tight, TVR carry out a test on each one, not with a multi-million-pound immersion tank as you may suspect, but with a man wielding a hosepipe!

Although a full convertible, the big TVR is quite cossetting and you sit deep in it with the windscreen swooping up towards the top of your head and your shoulders well below the wide-window line. That does mean that, although not as exposed as some sports cars, you can get most of the benefits of *al-fresco* motoring without being blown to bits. Indeed, with the electric side windows raised, even at 100mph there will be just a rustling of your hair.

You will always keep your friends at a distance, though, for the large chassis which runs through the cockpit is wide and passengers are always a shout away, at least. The seats are comfortable, though, and the driving position is distinctly 'sporty' with a fully reclined position and the wheel not too far away. If you like a more upright position, you will find that the top of the steeply raked 'screen is just too close to your head. While we re griping, we can say that the low-down driving position and the high waistline of the car make reversing difficult as, for the non-lanky drivers, a glance rearwards will reveal nothing more than the rear bulkhead.

TVRs are not built to be efficient going backwards, however, and are much happier going forwards, and how! The big V8 fires first time and bellows its thunderous sound like nothing else. Grannies shudder, children hide and policemen wish they were in possession of noise meters when 390s rumble into life. Luckily, the car goes like it sounds and it sounds like a squadron of B-52 bombers. The engine, although it revs like a big V8 has no right to, has oodles of oomph all the way up from just over tickover which makes for a fairly relentless push of acceleration. But just when you are already more than impressed, there will be another quantum leap in urge.

From any speed in any gear, the Thunderer will pull hard, but give it some head (*sorry? — Ed.*) and you could soon be straight on course for a change of undies if you aren't prepared and don't have your bottie already clenched. Dial up about three and a half 'big ones' on the rev counter and let the clutch go and, as it starts to bite, stomp on the throttle. You will then be aware that your low and large expanse of car will be snaking for a moment and will then be catapaulting you forward in a cloud of tortured tyre smoke. You will be at the urban speed limit in two seconds dead and will be passing the benchmark 60mph in a fraction over 5 secs. Remember the Lamborghini Jalpa, the BMW M6 and the De Tomaso Pantera in these pages? Up to 60mph, you can be looking at them in the TVR's rear-view mirror! And only the big Pantera will be within tyre-sniffing distance at 100mph, although on a deserted German motorwary (as rare as *Knave* features on flower arranging) the Italian will be ahead on top speed: 165mph to the TVR's 150mph. But 150mph isn't dawdling, is it, Daphne?

You have to specify power steering unless you have arms like John Barnes' legs and even then, manoeuvring in

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TVR
390 SE
TVR 100

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDY MORGAN

tight areas takes a surprising amount of bicep power. Out on the open road, things are different though, as the big beastie eats up the country roads like Desperate Dan munches cow pie; in fact, if the big man had a sports car, you can bet your bottom dollar it would be a TVR, 'cos they go together: they're bog big and brawny.

On the tightest of roads, the almost 6ft wide car is a little unwieldy but it copes, but it is at its best on more open terrain, where full use can be made of its grip. It turns into corners well, has neutral to understeer handling, but its back end can be eased wide by a push of throttle. The angle it steps out to depends on the throttle position and driver bravery, but the steering is sharp enough to catch it if the reflexes are quick enough. In the list of the world's best handlers, the Blackpool car isn't svelte enough nor tight enough to be at the top with the Ferrari 328s, Lamborghini Jalpas nor Lotus Esprits, but it is good enough for the abilities of most of us. You can get into a Lotus and drive it on the limit within a few miles; the 390 SE demands a lot more learning than that, and then only the very best will get the very best from it. That best will be race-car quick, though.

Braking is up to the performance, and the 24cwt car hauls down easily from its high velocities, courtesy of four big discs, the front ones of which are ventilated. A deal of circumspection is needed in the wet, just as you need with all cars which have plenty of power; you can quite easily swop ends with it if you try just a bit too hard. Caress the throttle and ease the steering wheel rather than stamping and tugging, and you should 'keep it on the island', as the real racers say.

If you're not in the mood for hard charging, the TVR will cruise happily and burbly (courtesy of its rumbling V8) and surprisingly quietly. The ride will be firm, but otherwise you will be as comfortable in this car as you would be in a big limousine and be blessed with just as many luxuries.

On the criticism front, you can level fuel consumption which is hardly likely to go much above 20mpg, dials which are a bit on the small side, some cheap switches, a boot which is taken up mostly by spare wheel and roof panel when it is off (although you can carry luggage on the large shelf behind the seats if you don't mind it slipping around) and that rear under spoiler. In such turbulent airflow (high-tech, this bit) it will probably do little good as a downforce device. What it is good at, though, is giving you a post-journey resume of all the different mud, dirt and unmentionable things you may have driven through, courtesy of it acting like a little scoop.

Minor maladies all, and in the end the TVR 390 SE is just a charmingly brutal and immensely quick car which has all the best traditions of the British sporting thoroughbred with few of the drawbacks. £21,995 is not expensive when you see what else that money brings, especially as it has performance which would even turn heads were it to come from Northern Italy. But just like the famous rock, you can cut a TVR open and it will say 'Blackpool' all the way through. Beautiful, brutal, bundles of fun and British!

KYRSTIE

You wouldn't believe how much trouble we had putting this one together. First of all, The Chap Who Carts The Furniture Around got a hernia moving the bed. Then, to make matters worse, Kyrstie (5' 11" and not backward in coming forward) decided to go into a sulk about the colour of her knickers. Eager to please, we made her take 'em off...

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEOFF HAYES.

GEMMA

And what a little jewel our Gemma is. Pamper yourself in the rich, smooth, velvety depths (sounds like a chocolate ad, doesn't it?) of Gemma's bodily solicitations.

While you're in there, check out the multi-million pound set and wonder why we can manage to bring you such sumptuous stuff at such ridiculously low prices...It must be philanthropy.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEOFF HAYES.

LOLA

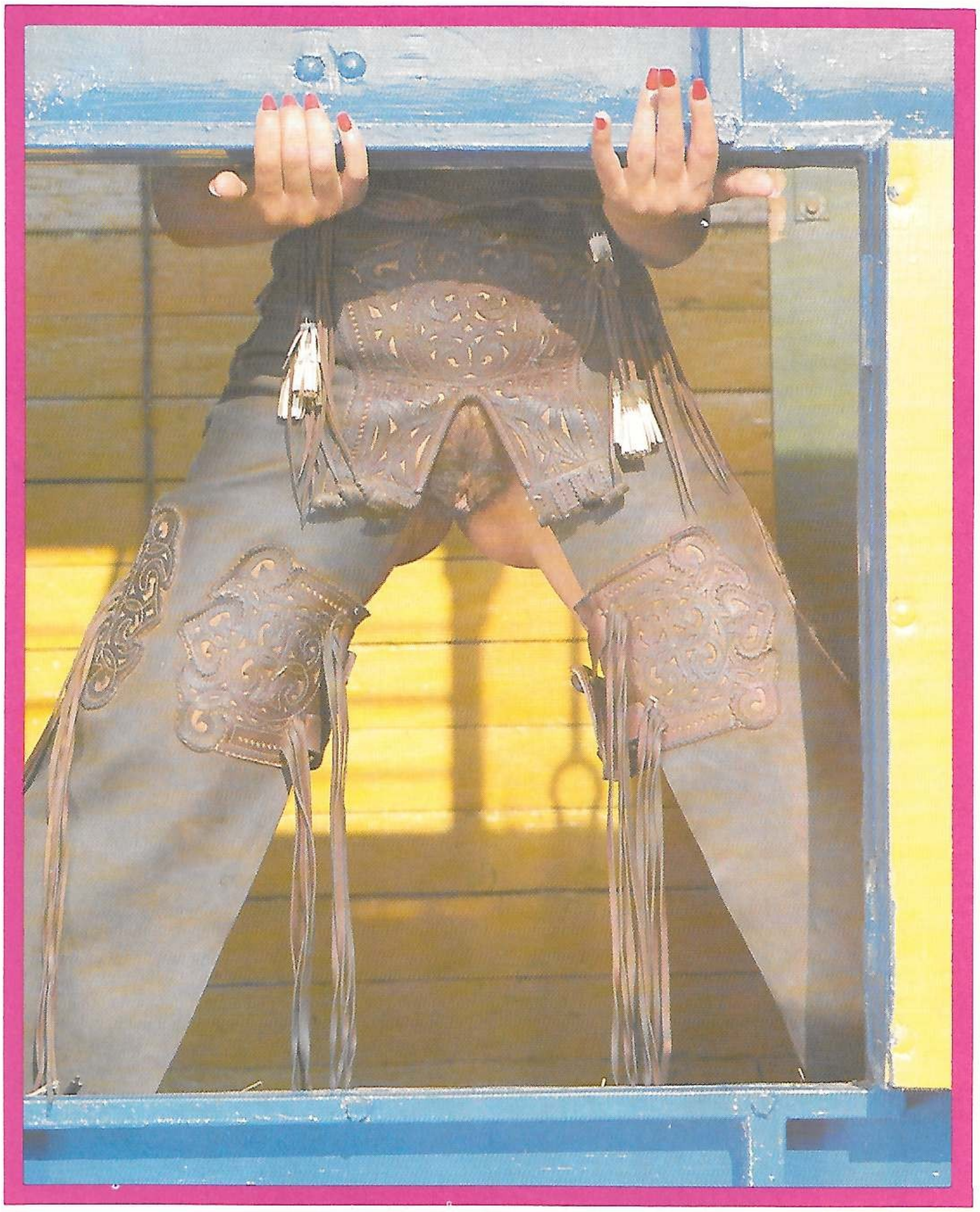
Well, I'm not the world's most physical guy...etc. Should we have another of those crappy blurbs with song-titles, I ask myself? How about *Lyin'Eyes* (*Lion* Eyes – geddit?) or something from *Cats*. Naw, just for a change, let's talk about the wench.

Lola has two major driving forces in her life. The second is ambition. Quite simply, she wants to be the best there is. Betwixt you and me, she doesn't have that far to go. Lola, my love, you want physical – just say the word!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

KNAVE
LOLA

CONSUELA



There's a nasty rumour going around that these descriptive essays are contrived. Not a bit of it! Just because this has a Spanish theme and Consuela is a Spanish name meaning 'consolation', which is the noun of 'console' and inferred in the sexual context, is purely coincidental. By the way, could I sell you a used car?

Consuela, bless her bandanna, comes all the way from El Paso. She's what they call a gaucho, which is another name for a cowboy, and likes nothing more than a day in the saddle, playing with her bolas. I know what she means...

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CECIL M. LEROY

AMATEUR MODEL

A lot of girls do it – how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude – front and back view.

LOIS HART

This month's 'new face' is the lovely Lois, a 23-year-old chemist from Staffordshire, which just goes to show that you can have brains as well as beauty in this game. Although Lois is working hard for an Open University degree, her ultimate ambition is to do exactly what she's doing here – displaying her charms to the great British public. Who says dreams don't come true?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES FREEMAN

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

Knave is always on the look out for likely lasses for our Amateur Model of the Month feature! As long as they have not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine, girls are eligible for our Amateur Model feature. All we want is three or four nude prints or polaroids, and the completed application form. We choose the girls we like, and invite them to our studio in Essex for a full day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer behind the camera and our make-up and hair stylist in attendance to make the girls look their best. We pay our Amateur Models £200 for their day's work at our studio, and we pay £25 to the photographers for sending us their polaroids or prints. A career in glamour modelling could start right here — as a Knave Amateur Model!

This November, the second Knave Amateur Model Special Issue will be published — another great Knave Special full of your favourite Amateur Models! We will soon be selecting the cover girl for this issue from amongst our Amateur Model feature applicants. The lucky cover girl will receive a £200 bonus on top of her £200 modelling fee — and the photographer who sends in the snapshots of our cover girl for the Amateur Model Special will receive a £50 bonus, as well as his £25 fee! We will also be publishing in the Special a large selection of the polaroids and colour prints sent in by our readers for our Amateur Model feature — so girls not invited to our studio for a modelling session will still have a great chance of appearing in Knave — and we will pay £15 for each polaroid or print published!

WANTED GIRLS!

MODEL'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....

DATE OF BIRTH ....

SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....

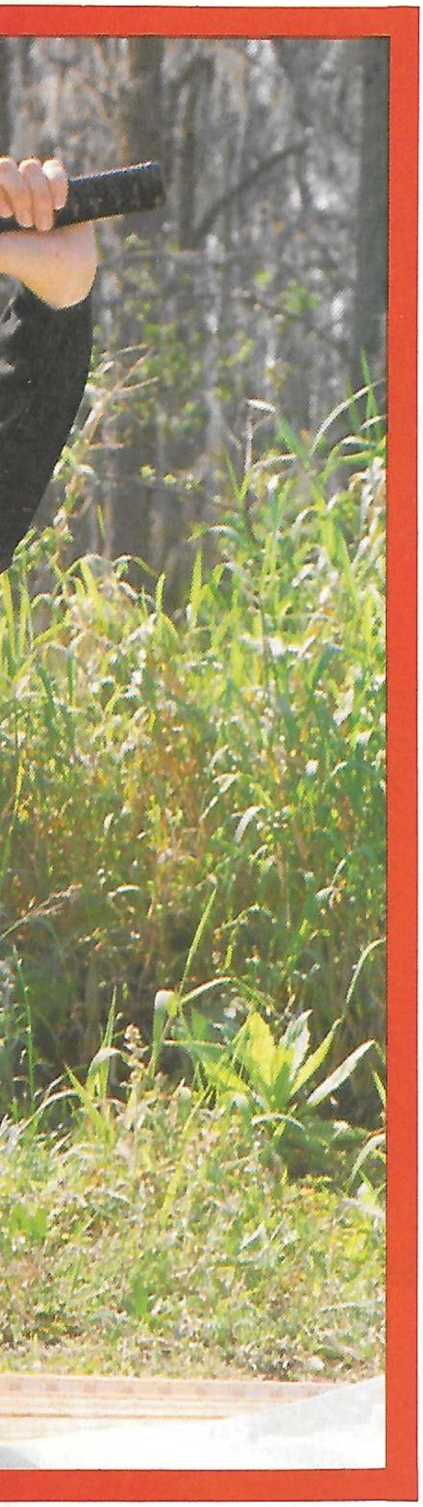
DATE PHOTOS TAKEN ....

SIGNATURE ....

TO: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, PO BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

KONIKI

Hell's teeth, lookit this, Ma – here's a right little madam if I ever saw one! The big question remains, if her face is anything like the rest of her, why's it covered up, huh?



Koniki started off this session by shoving twelve inches of cold steel up the photographer's bum and explaining that, if the pictures weren't to her satisfaction, he'd be getting a midnight visit. Anybody wanna buy a catatonic photographer?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DEFRANCESCO DENYS